British Unemployed And Bolshevist Plan

THIS article, by Oliver Maddox Hueffer, a well known British journalist, tells in clear outline just what problem Great Britain is facing in this winter's unemployment. There is a well organized group of British communists, relatively large in number, well supplied with both brains and money, and in close touch with Moscow.

They have a definite plan to capture the local governing bodies in working class districts and increase the dole to the point where men would rather receive it than work. They then appreciate that the dole will be beyond the capacity of the general taxpayer to bear, that reductions will follow and that trouble and riot among the dole's recipients will ensue on a large scale—the revolutionary scale they desire.

The first tangible evidences of this plan are beginning to emerge in the imprisonment of the Poplar councilors and in the riots in Liverpool, Bristol, Dundee and elsewhere.

But Mr. Hueffer lays down this great basis of confidence—the British Bolsheviki are as yet of the parlor and lower middle class type. The British workingman is still a conservative, with his ideas of property unimpaired. Whether the traditional British liberty of speech will leave him so, Mr. Hueffer is unwilling to predict in the face of the trials of unemployment during the coming winter.

By OLIVER MADDOX HUEFFER.

Special Correspondence to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

New York Herald Bureau, London, Dec. 24.

"WITHIN five years you will see the Red flag flying over the Bank of England." Such is the openly expressed aim of the British Communists, detailed not in any secret conclave but quite openly in a very ordinary London office that in its appointments rather suggests that of an old-fashioned firm of lawyers. It is close to Covent Garden Market, the great centre of London's fruit and vegetable trade, and the type of the young Communist who made it is rather that of the sharp, young potato salesman than of any kind of visionary or enthusiast.

There is indeed nothing other worldish or idealistic about the British Communist party any more than there is any lack of money. Its various organs—the *Communist*, the *Communist Review*, the *Worker's Dreadnought*, the *Plebs* and the rest—are printed on the most expensive paper and generally produced in a style which would cause the ruin of any ordinary newspaper proprietor who imitated it, the more so that for obvious reasons they carry no advertisements.

British Communists Have Russia to Fall Back On

But the Communist party does not depend on profits from its publications, nor for that matter on subscriptions from the rank and file of its supporters. For one thing, it has Russia to fall back upon; it frankly admits that it has received up to the present nearly a million dollars in gold from the Lenine Government for the overthrow of the present order in England, and every emissary who travels between the two countries brings back a further supply with him. There is no secret about this; the British Communist is rather proud of it. I am inclined even to think that he exaggerates the figures in order to give himself and his party financial weight and consequence with those semi-demi-revolutionists who have an eye on the loaves and fishes.

Again, by one of those curious paradoxes that pervade social life in England, several of the most enthusiastic supporters of Leninism are men of wealth. One of them at least is reported to be a millionaire. He is Mr. George Davison, a former director of the Kodak Company and the owner of a palatial residence in North Wales which he devotes largely to the installation of Communist principles into the rising generation. With such backers and their foreign subsidies the British Communists are not only able to provide a comfortable salary list, but they can carry out their propaganda in style. Quite apart from their various publications, the number of pamphlets, leaflets and other "literature" distributed throughout the country far surpasses the total output of the more orthodox parties.

British Communist Is a Middle Class Person

In everything but his doctrines the British Communist strikes one as typically middle class. This is actually as well as apparently the case, his supporters being found in the main rather among the middle classes than the "workers." In this the Communists show themselves loyal to long established tradition, for ever since the days of Magna Charta English revolutions have begun from above rather than from below, while in our own time Socialism has been the pastime of the classes as distinct from the masses. The Fabian Society was entirely an outcrop of the bourgeoisie, and such aristocratic Socialists as the Countess of Warwick and Earl Russell are familiar examples. To-day the "parlor" Bolshevist is a commonplace phenomenon of the British drawing room.

Among the working class, on the other hand, Leninism has as yet made little real progress. Not only is the British workman essentially conservative, as shown, for instance, at the meetings of the Trades Union Congress; he has also the typical British sense of property. He might not very strenuously object to the confiscation of some one else's property; that his own should be taken along with it is an idea which fills him with indignation. Its Russian origins are another handicap to Leninism in his eyes, for the Russian is to him something inconceivably foreign, as was shown to me a short time since when seeking to call upon a Russian exile in a country district and, asking the way to his house, the workman from whom I inquired exclaimed: "Oh, you mean them Rooshians what don't wear no clothes."

The British workman, if not actively hostile to the foreigner, still regards him as something mildly ridiculous and not to be taken seriously. Such Communist workmen as you find are mostly of the half educated type with yearnings toward the black coat of respectability. There are also a number, though less than might have been expected, who served in the war and have been disillusioned by its lack of result in improving social conditions. Thanks largely to the army schoolmaster, many of them have acquired a previously unknown taste for promiscuous reading which makes them easily reached by Communist propaganda.

The Communist leaders are sufficiently able psychologists to realize this state of things. At the present time they are confining their educational propaganda very largely to the middle classes, especially to the shop assistant, the city clerk and the elementary schoolteacher, through whom they hope to reach the children of the working class. Of the present generation of workmen they are practically hopeless, as is admitted by Arthur McManus, the leader of the party in England. Their programme as outlined by him is something as follows: While bringing up the young and the adolescent in the principles of Bolshevism and spreading class consciousness in the lower middle class, which has always been the most discontented, they prefer for the present to use the working classes as unthinking weapons against the bourgeoisie. At present they are busy provoking discontent by every means in their power. McManus and his fellow leaders admit that they have several thousand emissaries now at work in all parts of industrial England, whose sole duty is to hang about public houses and street corners in the character of unemployed ex-service men circulating real and imaginary grievances against the bourgeoisie with the assistance of innumerable half pints of beer. They do not hold meetings in the ordinary sense of the word, having found that they get better results by talking to only three or four men at a time. Another large body, being usually the better speakers among them, holds street corner meetings outside factory gates and similar localities, while yet others devote their whole attention to getting elected to posts in the various trade unions and there instilling their doctrines into the more orthodox labor groups.

To Foster Discontent Is the Propaganda Purpose

A very good example, and one on which Mr. McManus prides himself considerably, is the present agitation concerning unemployment and the "dole." The unemployment problem in England would have been grave and dangerous enough were there no Communists at all. The skill with which they have taken advantage of it shows that the Communist leaders are men of no small ability. The riots which have been taking place, notably at Bristol, Dundee and Liverpool, are very largely due to Communist manipulation. At Liverpool, for instance, the disturbances were largely due to the efforts of one man, John Braddock, one of the local Communist leaders, who was supplied with ample funds for the purpose from the party headquarters. It is interesting to note that he learned the art of Communist propaganda in America, where for a time he lived in Chicago and was deported some three years since.

But the mere bringing about of local disturbances is a very small part of the Communist schemes and one which many of the leaders look upon with actual disfavor. Their "official" scheme, so to put it, is very much more subtle. At the moment it is concentrated upon the East End of London, and the present state of things in that part of the world nicely exemplifies how well conceived is the Communist program.

Unemployment is rife throughout industrial London, with dire poverty in its wake. The English method of dealing with unemployment is to leave relief measures in the hands of the local authorities as being best able to judge local needs and conditions. For administrative purposes London is divided into a number of borough councils directly elected on a very wide franchise and having practically absolute power in local matters except for those general for the whole metropolis, such as police and education, which are in the hands of the London County Council.

The poorest boroughs in London are probably those of Poplar, Shoreditch, Islington and Woolwich, where also unemployment is most general. For years these borough councils were the preserve of the small trader with an ax to grind as presenting opportunities for such graft as is not unfamiliar on the other side of the Atlantic also. More recently, however, the various labor groups have paid considerable attention to them and the councilors now include a number of working class men and women in their ranks, mostly semi-educated, ambitious, filled with a sense of their own importance, and thus peculiarly open to Bolshevist propaganda.

It is a curious and as it now turns out an unfortunate convention in England that the amount which may be expended in relief of unemployment is left to the judgment of the local councilors and guardians, who are empowered to expend "such sums as they consider necessary." The Government only reserves the right to disallow any grants which it considers excessive. The Bolshevist leaders—I understand, by the way, that Miss Sylvia Pankhurst deserves the credit of the idea in the first place—clearly realized the opportunity thus presented. (It is a curious proof of the internecine warfare which rages among the British Communists as among all similar revolutionary groups that Miss Pankhurst has just been expelled from the Communist party for a "breach of discipline" and has carried with her a number of its former stalwarts and one at least of its newspaper organs).

Plan of the 'Dole' To Assist Unemployed

For some time past the Communists have been concentrating their efforts to obtain a majority on these councils. They have had considerable success, notably in Bethnal Green, where the Mayor, for instance, is a Communist, and more particularly in Poplar. There, among others, Mr. Lansbury, the editor of the *Daily Herald*, his wife, son and daughter-in-law are all members of the Borough Council, which has become practically a family party under their control. Upon the unemployment problem becoming acute they set to work to treat it along Communist lines. Now the Communist program as outlined by Mr. McManus is that every man should claim work or maintenance at full trade union rates "for the revolutionary reason" (I am quoting his own words), "that capitalism can neither refuse it with dignity nor concede it without suicide."

The Poplar Councilors accordingly started out by giving as unemployment "dole" an amount which in the case of a married man with children came to approximately £5 a week, or more than can be earned by most unskilled workmen at the best of times. But the Poplar Councilors went still further, declaring that all the money that could be raised in the borough was not sufficient to support the local unemployed, and refused to devote any part of the local rates to paying their proportion of police, education and the like to the London County Council. As a result of this "contempt" they are now enjoying a much desired halo of martyrdom in prison, with the happy conviction that in Poplar at least they have carried out the wishes of their leaders (am again using Mr. McManus's own words) "to capture the machinery of bourgeois administration and use it for revolutionary aims."

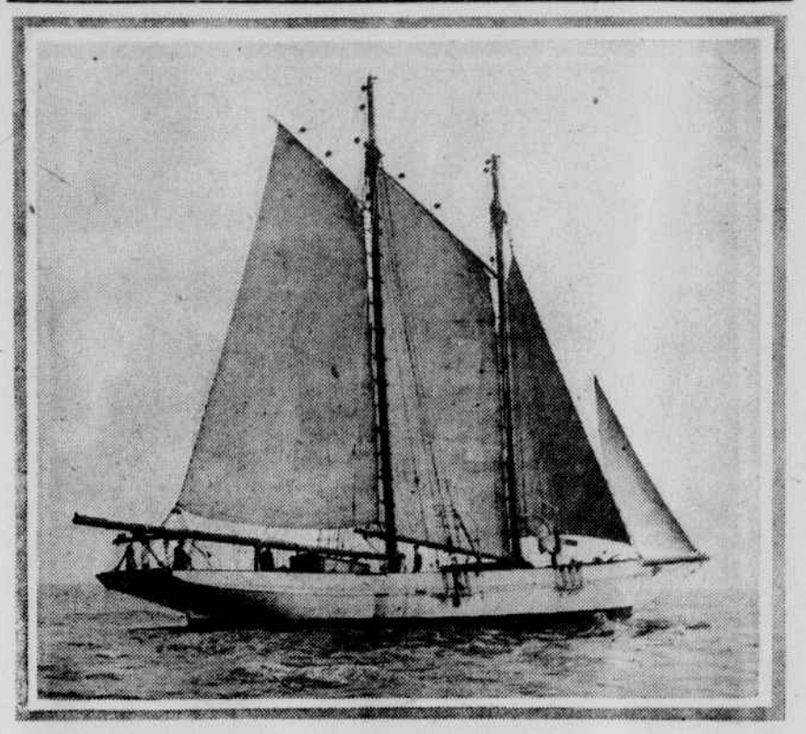
Meanwhile in the neighboring boroughs the unemployed, which is to say their self-elected Communist leaders, have been blackmailing the councils by threats of disturbances, demanding even more extravagant "doles," so that in Islington and Woolwich, for example, they are proposing that more than £6 a week shall be paid—practically double the salary of many city clerks and an income which the average curate of the Church of England cannot hope to obtain.

Mr. McManus and his colleagues are by no means satisfied as yet, although their ideal is well on the road to accomplishment. Unfortunately for them, the majority of the borough councilors are not Communist and are, on the other hand, very much afraid of the ratepayers upon whose votes they depend for election. It seems that for the moment they have gone as far in their present direction as they dare, though I have it on the authority of the Communist leaders themselves that before the present winter is over in at least certain districts of London their campaign will have succeeded and the "dole" become so liberal that the average working man shall throw up his employment and "come on the rates," and that the whole working population shall be supported in comfortable leisure at the expense of the unhappy bourgeois.

The burden must thus inevitably become too great for his shoulders. The "dole" will be drastically reduced or even abolished altogether and the bitterest dissatisfaction aroused among its recipients. Disorders will inevitably occur throughout the country beside which those that have already taken place shall be negligible, and, to use the words of one of those Communist gentlemen who look so like potato salesmen, "the proletariat will seize the power and, profiting by the living historical example of Russia, exercise their iron dictatorship in the interests of the whole working class, and mercilessly suppress every society, secret and otherwise, fostered by the bourgeoisie to prevent the undivided sway of the working class over all the means of political, social or economic life."

It is a curious commentary on English methods that although these plans are quite openly put forward by the responsible leaders of the Communists neither the Government nor ruling class seems more than moderately interested. Freedom of speech is so powerful an English shibboleth that unless a man actually advocate the murder of an individual he may advocate the murder of a whole class at any public meeting or by any printed pamphlet, without interference by the police. In normal times this has served as a useful safety valve for normal discontent. How far it is now desirable is for the British people to decide for themselves. In that respect at least the Communists desire no alteration in the present system of things.

Historic Yacht Medora Off to the Antarctic



The Medora leaving Exmouth, England, on the first leg of a seven year trip to the Antarctic for scientific work.

Special Correspondence to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

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QUIETLY and without ostentatious blowing of horns, firing of salutes or flag waving, a little vessel recently hoisted its sails and slowly drifted before the erratic little puffs of winds out of the mouth of Exmouth Harbor. The much owned little schooner yacht Medora had started at last on its long trip to the Antarctic, or rather was making the first step of that long journey.

The Medora in the late spring of this year was chartered by Mr. T. F. Rhodes-Disher on a mild Utopian venture. He had gathered together several city people, tired of the four-walled existence they had led for the major part of their lives and who, desiring something new, joined with Mr. Disher in pooling funds, goods and provisions, and equipment for a permanent stay on one of the Pacific islands. They intended to take over a portion of one of these islands which was uninhabited and there plant their little colony of husbands and wives.

Each settler was to have some fraction of an acre for the cultivation and growth of vegetables and the raising of such animals as were necessary to their existence and, in fact, were to settle forever in their isolated paradise equipped with everything to make them happy and nothing in the world to mar that happiness.

The Medora actually set sail upon this venture early in the summer, only to be driven back by the inclemency of the weather. And the little group of settlers when obliged to see each other all day and every day during the delay in harbor lost their patience and broke up the happy party.

Shortly after, Mr. Cottle, L. R. C. P. (College of Physicians), purchased the ship for a voyage to the Antarctic which is to occupy seven years. He has given the little vessel a large crew, including a master mariner and a chief mate, and his discoveries, which will not take him so far south as the Shackleton expedition, will be given to the British Museum and other national institutions of scientific pursuits.

Mr. Cottle had kept the secret of his voyage so well that the departure of the Medora was only noticed by a few uninterested dockmen and sailors who happened to be about when she set sail. His first objective will be Hamburg, where he will have the ship refitted with a copper bottom and a motor, and thence he sails straight for the south for seven years.

Thus the dainty Medora seems to have fallen from the high place assigned her by Byron in "The Corsair" and is wedded to the cause of science for, it is believed, the insignificant sum of £1,200.

Keeping Fit a Task For Prince of Wales

By REGINALD POUND.

Special Correspondence to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

New York Herald Bureau, London, Dec. 24.

NEWS dispatches tell of the strenuous official visit to India of the Prince of Wales. They do not tell, however, of the strain under which the Prince labors on trips of state. Nor do they inform the public of the rigid training he must undergo to keep fit. A royal visit to India always is trying. The present trip is probably the most trying yet undertaken by the imperial family.

For this reason the aura of romance which surrounds the young man who is bravely seeing it through is intensified rather than diminished by this great ambassadorial adventure. Even the ordinary person who in ordinary circumstances visits India can hardly return from that land of princes, pageantry and purple skies without being invested in the mind of the stay at home with a suspicion of its glamour. When the Prince of Wales returns he will be to the popular mind in Britain a more romantic figure than ever.

Various writers have told us that getting fit and keeping fit are this young man's chief obsessions. Lately we have been asked to believe that he rises with the sun, exchanges pajamas for running kit and sprints daily from St. James's Palace, where he has his *menage*, to Buckingham Palace and back in time for breakfast. But if this were true all London would be lined up along the Mall to see it happen. There is another little flaw in the story, too. Edward Prince of Wales does not take breakfast—at any rate, not at the conventional hour. He has it overnight when he goes to bed, in the shape of sandwiches and biscuits, which suffice him until lunch time the next day.

But although he is not obsessed with the notion of keeping fit, the subject certainly has a comfortable share of his thoughts. This was demonstrated during his recent seaside vacation, which unexpectedly afforded me an opportunity of studying his habits. Released from the cares of state, he went down to Brighton, the metropolis of the south coast, where, in a quaint and quiet old Georgian manor house, he found welcome freedom from the worries incidental to the solemn business of understudying a king.

Royalties often choose severely practical ways of spending their leisure, enforced or otherwise. By standing in a back room of one of the half dozen or so villas that overlook the manor house garden one could watch a blue shirted, belted figure bent to the task of lawn mowing, occasionally stopping to wipe a glistening face with a blue handkerchief. That was the Prince of Wales getting fit for India. One heard the clatter of the machine every morning and most afternoons. There was no doubt about his taking the job seriously.

His daily regimen was that of the sensible holiday maker rather than that of the get fit quick enthusiast. Relaxation was its keynote, a small balance of strenuousness being supplied by the mowing.

At 10 A. M. he rose and, garbed in rough tweeds, motored to the golf links. Published reports had it that he consistently carried off all the honors. As a golfer, however, the Prince did not and does not distinguish himself. Unlike some other royalties one could name, he does not expect to win because he is who he is. He was several times soundly beaten at Hove, and cheerfully admitted the fact.

Returning at noon, he would shed his coat and get to work on the lawn. In this connection he said jocularly to the gardener: "I'll send you my bill when I get back. It'll be pretty stiff—labor's gone up, you know!" He further observed on another occasion that "a man must perspire if he's to keep fit." A prince who believes in perspiration must surely be an inspiration!

Of lunch no more need be said than that it was a decided contradiction of the story that the Prince was a very sick young man. The special diet of which we were given such precise details certainly did not figure in the daily menu.

Following the meal came another spell of mowing, and then a series of games of clock golf, of which the Prince never tired. Sea bathing figured in his programme on two occasions, a hundred yards' sprint preceding them. The contestants were the Prince, the Duke of York and their two equerries, and the Prince won by a matter of yards each time. He shapes better in running events than in almost any other form of athletics, except those involving horsemanship.

A favorite evening diversion was a walk along the promenade, when the best known young man in Europe mingled as freely with his father's subjects as any holiday making clerk or shop assistant. Outside the grounds of the house he enjoyed, paradoxically enough, his greatest freedom among the crowds that packed the promenade and piers, where no one would have mistaken him for any one but an ordinary holiday making young man, enjoying the heat and the crush and his solitude, particularly his solitude, to the full.

His Bedtime 11 o'Clock Usually, After an Evening of Music

Bedtime was rarely after 11 o'clock, the hour before which was mostly passed in listening to the gramophone. The Prince read no books and few newspapers during his vacation. The only volumes I saw in the house were of military and historical interest; I saw no signs of a novel anywhere.

Britain's Young Man has, it seems, a lively interest in music. He can play the piano moderately well, but is a better audience than executant. Even street music interests him, as witness the following:

One morning a barrel organist brought his instrument to a standstill near the house and began his repertoire of sadly hackneyed refrains. Except for a suntanned young man in a blue shirt, open at the throat, leaning over some rusty railings close to the road, and some urchins playing noisily on the pavement, the scene was deserted. In fact, from the business point of view a worse pitch for a street musician could hardly be found.

Presently the instrumentalist came to his last air—"Bubbles." The tune set the urchins la-la-ing lustily, while the blue-shirted young fellow started to whistle gayly. When the last note sounded with a thump and a rumble, the organ grinder, who had thus achieved distinction without knowing it, paused expectantly a moment, then swung away up the road and so out of sight, while Edward Prince of Wales, still whistling blithely, sauntered back to resume his mowing.

"Bubbles" figured largely in the Prince of Wales's holiday music. The song, rendered by a tuneful American quartet, was often on the gramophone—the only musical instrument in the house, and a cheap one at that. The quantity of used needles lying about indicated that the machine had been made to justify its existence there. "Going all day," I was informed by the person who showed me over the house in the Prince's absence. "Ragtime and waltz tunes—over and over again."

That blue shirt fancy of his, by the way, has a sequel in his night attire—blue crepe de chine pajamas. And a blue dressing gown hung on the door of his bedroom, which might have been a second floor room in any second rate hotel. The second valet, doing duty in place of the first, who was sick, had left a pair of steam hammer pressed (or so they seemed) trousers hanging over the back of a chair. On a bedside table was an ash tray and a half finished packet of tobacco, the maker of which, I understand, is unaware of the advertisement he is losing.

And the ginger beer bottles in the back yard! Edward Prince of Wales is mighty fond of ginger beer, which is not saying that he is a Pussyfoot. A sprinkling of silver wrapped bottles reassured one that he is not. But his taste in wines would not make a connoisseur happy. The wines themselves would be an unconscionable long time in doing so.

The result of my quizzing has left me with the distinct and possibly satisfying impression that here is a young man who, having found that the Fates have cheated him of the ordinary young man's heritage, has, nevertheless, resolved to face his destiny cheerfully and dutifully.

An average young man, born Prince of Wales and bearing the responsibility more manfully than most of us would bear it—this is how I would sum up the heir to Britain's kingship.

Pitcairn Island Nurse Exiled in America

EMILY M'COY, lineal successor to the chieftaincy of lonely Pitcairn Island, in the Pacific, has been in exile in America for fourteen years.

Educated as a trained nurse, she has cared for the suffering orphans at the Bridgeport, Conn., City Nursery and refused the hearts and hands of adventurers, sympathizers and aged millionaires alike.

Ten years have flitted by while the British Government and shipping concerns in the United States have combed the ports for some ship that might touch on Pitcairn Island, in the Pacific, where none but British war ships call.

The British High Commission of the Pacific, she recently learned, made the first visit to that possession since 1879, yet she does not despair of getting back, and said when seen by a reporter:

"I shall never marry except to my own. I came to perform a mission for my people—to learn nursing and medicine, and I shall keep my faith with them."

But because of the years she has lost she proposes to adopt some nameless waif and to take him back to Pitcairn Island that he may be her successor and break the bond of consanguinity that has existed on the lonely mutineers' island since 1776, when the crew of the British sloop Bounty killed their officers and put ashore.

"I have been fooled so many times," Miss McCoy complained when seen at her home, 166 West Liberty street. "I have been telegraphed that a ship had been obtained to stop in the route across the Pacific and to drop off among my own people.

"I have hurried to these ships only to be told that the journey was too great and the accommodations inadequate for a woman. Even ships of the British Government from London so seldom go there and the navy regulations are so strict that I have been barred from that course.

"Persons who have learned my predicament, and they are numbered by scores, have proposed marriage to me. I once had the chance to marry a millionaire ranch owner of Texas, whose letters I still have. But I shall not marry here.

"I left Pitcairn Island promising to study medicine and nursing. I have performed my mission, and it is my duty to return. I still have in mind the death of my mother and my people who die in agony because they know not the ministering hand of the nurse or the physician."

Miss McCoy is a graduate nurse, well known in Bridgeport and until recently active head of the City Nursery. Steps have already been taken by her to adopt a foundling. She holds in readiness for immediate shipment by the first steamer available medical stores, musical instruments, paints and other instructive and educational devices. She insists that she would give up at once all the advantages of civilization rather than part forever from the people whom she claims are superior in political economy and morals to those of the so-called civilized world.

Miss Emily McCoy, trained nurse of Bridgeport, Conn., an exile here for fourteen years.

Uses for Seaweed

AMONG the important features of the agricultural industries along the northern coast of France, in normal times, is the harvesting of seaweed. As soon as the receding waters permit, the seaweed gatherers fall diligently to work. Soon every rock and ledge is shaved of its brown, slimy fleece, and left as bare as the back of a shorn sheep.

Then preparations are made for an attack on the reefs so numerous along the southern coast of the English Channel. Everything that will float is pressed into service. Huge rafts are constructed, and next morning, with the current of the ebbing tide in their favor, they are towed by the people in the boats eight or ten miles out from the coast.

Low water leaves them stranded on the reefs, and all hands make the best of their time. The worker kneels on the dripping weed, grasps a handful in the left hand, and, with a sickle in the right, cuts it off close to the rock and places it in a bag. As soon as he has cut off as much as he can carry, the sack is taken on the back to the raft, upon which it is received by men with pitchforks, stacked and securely roped.

Towing the heavily laden rafts to the shore is tedious work, and progress is slow. The wet harvesters are soon chilled to the bone by the keen east wind that always prevails in this latitude during the month of March, the harvesting season for seaweed.

The morning ebb tide leaves the rafts and their spoils of seaweed high and dry on the smooth, white beach.

They are constantly surrounded by a crowd of people with all descriptions of vehicles. All work together hauling the weed to the field already prepared to receive the precious fertilizer. That it may be most effective, the seaweed must be got into the ground as soon as possible after it leaves its native element.